THE LION AND THE MOUSE BY CHARLES KLEIN AND ARTHUR HORNBLOW

The scene of the first chapter is laid in the New York offices of the Southern and Transcontinental Railroad Company. There is un-usual activity, because of a very important directors' meeting to be held at 3 o'clock. Many of the directors have arrived, but not

CHAPTER II.

At fifty-six, John Burkett Ryder was surprisingly well preserved. With the exception of the slight stoop, aland alert, as ip a man of forty. Of old English stock, his physical make-up presented all those strongly marked characteristics of our race which, sprung from Anglo-Saxon ancestry, but modified by nearly 300 years of different climate and customs, has gradually produced the distinct and true American type, as easily recog-nizable among the family of nations as any other of the earth's children. Tall and distinguished-looking, Ryder would have attracted attention any

Then this period of truce was ended, when the puttorral was once more
absorbed in controlling the political
as well as the commercial machinery
of the nation, then his eyes took on a
smalish, greenish hue, and one could
plainly read in them the cunning, the
avariclousness, the meanness, the inavariclousness, the inavariclousness, the meanness, the inavariclousness

of opestioning it.

Bis, very soon ugly paragraphs began to appear in the newspaners. One naper asked if it were true that Judge Roosmore owned stock in the Great Northwestern Mining Company which had recently benefited so signally by his decision. Interviewed by a reporter. Judge Roosmore indignantly denied being interested in any way in the company. Thereupon the same paper returned to the attack, stating that the judge must surely be mistaken as the records showed a sale of stock to him at the time the company was known as the Alaskan Mining Company. When he read this the judge was overwhelmed. It was true then! They had not slandered him. It was he who had lied, but how innocently—how innocently!

His daughter Shirley, who was his greatest friend and comfort, was then in Europe. She had gone to the continent to rest, after working for months on a novel which she had just published. His wife, entirely without experience in business matters and somewhat of an invalid, was helpless to advise him. But to his old and tried friend, ex-Judge Stott, Judge Rossmore explained the facts as they

regard to the particular case now at issue—this Au, indule decision—there had been no was of preventing it. Influence had been used, but to no effect. The thing to do now was to prevent any such disasters in future by removing the author of them.

The directors bent eagerly forward. Had Ryder really got some plan up his sleeve after all? The faces around the table looked brighter, and the directors cleared their throats and settled themselves down in their chairs as audiences do in the theater when the drama is reaching its climax.

The board, continued Ryder with icy calmness, had perhaps heard, and also seen in the newspapers, the stories regarding Judge Rossmore and his alleged-connection with the Great Northwestern Company. Perhaps they had not helieved these stories. It was only natural. He had not believed them himself. But he had taken the trouble to inquire into the matter very carefully, and he regretted to say that the stories were true. In fact, they were no longer denied by Judge Rossmore himself.

(Continued next Sunday.)

He had come to the meeting today to tell them of his triumph,

yet we are only what railroad conditions compel us to be. With the present fierce competition, no fine question of eithes can enter into our dealings as a business organization. With an irritated public and press on one side, and a hostile indictary on the other.

couraged all attentions in that direction. He himself, however, continued to meet the judge casually, and one evening he contrived to broach the subject of profitable investments. The judge admitted that by careful hoarding and much stinting he had managed to save a few thousand dollars which he was anxious to invest in something good.

Quick as the keen-eyed vulture swoops down on its prey the willy financier seized the opportunity thus presented. And he took so much trouble in answering the judge's inexperience questions, and generally made himself so agreeable, that the judge found himself regretting that he and Ryderhad, by force of circumstances, been opposed to each other in public life so long. Ryder strongly recommended the purchase of Alaskan Mining stock, a new and booming enterprise which had lately become very active in the market. Ryder said he had reasons to believe that the stock would soon advance, and now there was an opportunity to get it cheap.

A few days after he had made the investment the judge was surprised to receive certificates of stock for double

Texas Politician Adopts Little Girl From Washington Foundling Hospital



ITTLE May Robinson, aged twenty-one months, although she started life under unfavorable circumstances, has had a turn of good luck.

May is an inmate of the Washington Foundling Hospital, 1715 Fifteenth street northwest, but is soon to be given a comfortable home in McKinney, Tex.

A. S. Dickinson, chairman of the Republican district committee of Collin county, Tex., and the only practicing Republican lawyer in the Lone Star State, is her foster parent. Mr. Dickinson didn't come to the Capital City especially to adopt

May, but as soon as he saw her he couldn't resist. This is his second venture in adopting children. The first he became sponsor for—and that was tvelve years ago—now is the Hon. Eugene H. Rayburn, superintendent of the public schools of San Carlos Island, P. I. Mr. Dickinson had such good fortune with his first foster child that he hopes to do as well by little May. He and his wife, who are in comfortable circumstances, have 'no children of their own.

Little May's advent at the Foundling Hospital was rather a mysterious one. She was only a pluk dot of a child—six weeks old—when an old woman, claiming to be her grandmother, left her at the door. She never has been to see the child since. The beldame who brought May was poorly dressed, but the wee girl evidently was the child of refined parents, and probably of German descent. She has soft golden hair and wide blue eyes. The matron aamed her hay,



MAY ROBINSON, Little Washington Foundling, Aged Twenty-one Months, Who Will Soon Go to Texas.

as it was known she was born in that month, and the name Robinson was just a random one. At the hospital she was inicknamed "Bobbie." She has a sunny disposition, and never has given the authorities at the hospital any trouble.

Mr. Dickinson's main purpose in coming to Washington was to aid in the appointment of a postmaster in his home town, and to assist in bringing about the reappointment of his friend, J. M. Gurley, who is postmaster in Greenville, Tex.

Both men are fighting what is known as the "Old Grant Ring." It was in 1900 that Dr. John Grant, the much-talked-of United States marshal in Texas, was at the height of his power. Grant was accused of selling office patronage, and Mr. Dickinson fought him bitterly. Grant was asked to resign, and, failing to do so, was dismissed by President Roosevelt in 1903. Now Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Gurley are opposing the remnants of the old "ring," which is said to be as hard to kill as the mythical hydra.

Mr. Dickinson hopes to encompass the defeat of the present post-master in McKinney—H. E. Smith—who, he says, is one of Grant's old cronies. The Republican party of Mr. Dickinson's district last May made known to Mr. Cortelyou their desire that Smith should go, but Mr. Cortelyou is said to have paid little or no attention to

Little May will be brought up in a political atmosphere, that's Postmaster at Greenville, Tex., and



J. M. GURLEY, Who Is Fighting the "Grant Ring."